
T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For DECEMBER, 1762.

A FAMILIAR LETTER of RHIMES to a
LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And strip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their fairest hue,
Merely to be out-blush'd by you.
The lily pale, by my direction,
Should fight the rose for your complexion;
Or I could make up sweetest posies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,
Which drooping, on your breast reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every songster can display,
I've more authorities than GAY;

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G g

Nay,

Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
 To pay all homage to your beauty,
 And, wit's creative pow'r to show,
 The very *fire* should mix with *snow*;
 Your eyes, that brandish burning *darts*
 To scorch and singe our *tinder* hearts,
 Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
 And light them to their own undoing;
 While all the *snow* about your breast
 Should leave them hopeless and distressed.

For those who rarely soar above
 The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
 In their conceits and amorous fictions,
 Are mighty fond of contradictions.
 Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
 And things that do, or do not breathe,
 All have their parts, and separate place,
 To paint the fair one's various grace.

Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show
 The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.
 Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
 Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,
 The poet gives them all a share
 In the description of his fair.
 She *burns*, she *chills*, she pierces hearts,
 With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
 And could we trust th' extravagancy
 Of every poet's youthful fancy,
 They'd make each nymph they love so well,
 As *cold* as snow, as *hot* as ———.

—— O gentle lady, spare your fright,
 No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight.
 I would not for the world be heard,
 To utter such *unseemly* word,

Which

Which the politer parson fears
To mention to politer ears.

But, could a female form be shown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumstance should meet
To make the poet's nymph compleat,
Form'd to his fancy's utmost pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.

Come then, O muse, of trim conceit,
Muse, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unfated ear
Of *French* or *Tuscan* SONNETEER,
Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's mistress, whore, or saint ;
Whether thou dwell'st on every grace,
Which lights the world from LAURA's face,
Or amorous praise expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph must hide ;
For wit affected, loves to show
Her every charm from top to toe,
And wanton fancy oft pursues
Minute description from the muse,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's *mortal* nymph *divine*.

Her *golden* locks of classic hair,
Are *nets* to catch the wanton air ;
Her forehead *ivory*, and her eyes
Each a bright *sun* to light the skies,
Orb'd in whose centre, *Cupid* aims
His darts, protect us ! tipt with *flames*,
While the fly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her *brow*.

Each lip a *ruby*, parting, shews
 The precious *pearl* in even rows,
 And all the loves and graces sleek
 Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
 Her *breasts* pure *snow*, or white as *milk*,
 Are *ivory* apples, smooth as *silk*,
 Or else, as fancy trips on faster,
 Fine *marble* hills or *alabaster*.

A figure made of wax wou'd please
 More than an aggregate of these,
 Which though they are of precious worth,
 And held in great esteem on earth,
 What are they, rightly understood,
 Compared to real flesh and blood?

And I, who hate to act by rules
 Of whining, rhiming, loving fools,
 Can never twist my mind about
 To find such strange resemblance out,
 And simile that's only fit
 To shew my plenteous lack of wit.
 Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
 Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
 Obeying, what I here declare,
 Makes half my happiness, the Fair,
 The favourite subject I pursue,
 And write, as who would not, for you.

Perhaps my muse, a common curse,
 Errs in the manner of her verse,
 Which, slouching in the doggrel way,
 Goes tittup all her easy way.
 Yes — an Acrostic had been better,
 Where each good-natured prattling letter,
 Though it conceal the writer's aim,
 Tells all the world his lady's name.

But

But all Acrostics, it is said,
Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.

I love a fanciful disorder,
And straggling out of rule and order ;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's so full of you.

Like TRISTRUM SHANDY, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myself, pursue
This civil mode of teasing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumstance in story telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Describe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiously exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders *undesired*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired ;
So they who take a method worse,
And *prose* away, like me, in *verse*,
Worry their mistresses, friends or betters,
With satire, sonnett, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleasing follows
Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.
— Yet let it be a venial crime
That I address you thus in rhyme.
Nor think that I am *Phæbus*' bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meanest critic knows
All females have a knack at prose,

And

And letters are the mode of writing
 The ladies take the most delight in ;
 Bold is the man, whose saucy aim
 Leads him to form a rival claim ;
 A double death the victim dies,
 Wounded by wit as well as eyes.

—— With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
 And put a nettle next a rose ?
 Who would, so long as taste prevails,
 Compare St. *James's* with *Versailles* ?
 The nightingale, as story goes,
 Fam'd for the music of his woes,
 In vain against the artist try'd,
 But strain'd his tuneful throat —— and died.

Perhaps I fought the rhiming way,
 For reasons which have powerful sway.
 The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues
 The nymph he's sure will not refuse,
 And more compassion may be found
 Amongst these goddesses of sound,
 Than always happens to the share
 Of the more cruel human fair ;
 Who love to fix their lovers pains,
 Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
 Rejoycing in their servant's grief,
 As 'twere a sin to give relief.
 They twist each easy fool about,
 Nor let them in, nor let them out,
 But keep them twirling on the fire
 Of apprehension and desire,
 As cock-chafers, with corking pin
 The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.

For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
 To make a man of sense a fool ;

I mean

I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed ;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.

Now poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Strait go a courting to the muse.
But still some difference we find
Twixt goddesses and human kind ;
The muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,
On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score
Of *Phyllisses* and *Delia's* more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic muse by turns ;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Altho' he take them all to bed.
The muse detests coquettry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.

Jilt ! O dishonest hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With smile endearing, winning look,
And wind them in the easy heart
Of man, with most ensnaring art,
Only to torture and betray
The wretch they mean to cast away.
No doubt 'tis *charming* pleasant angling
To see the poor fond creatures dangling,

Who

Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
 And gorge the mischief they should hate,
 Yet sure such cruelties deface
 Your virtues of their fairest grace:
 And pity, which in woman's breast,
 Should swim at top of all the rest,
 Must such insidious sport condemn,
 Which play to you, is death to them.

So have I often read or heard,
 Though both upon a traveller's word,
 (Authority may pass it down,
 So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
 At METZ, a dreadful engine stands,
 Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
 Which finely drest, with primmest grace,
 Receives the culprit's first embrace;
 But at the second (dismal wonder!)
 Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.

You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,
 We'll end the matter with a tale.

A *Robin* once, who lov'd to stray,
 And hop about from spray to spray,
 Familiar as the folks were kind,
 Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
 Slight favours make the bold presume,
 Would flutter round the lady's room,
 And careless often take his stand
 Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
 The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,
 — In short, the trifling fool was caught;
 And happy in the fair one's grace,
 Would not accept an *Eagle's* place.
 And while the nymph was kind as fair,
 Wish'd not to gain his native air.

But

But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.

Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A *parrot* dress'd in red and green,
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd, swore and ly'd——by rote.
“ Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
“ When honour and affection fail.”
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best ;
And whether it is lace, or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird or man,
None sure can think it wrong, or strange,
That ladies should admire a change.
The *Parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin* ! he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
So fled —— and ne'er came back again.

O.

The SCHOOL for WOMEN.

[Continued from our last.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Laura's Dressing-room.

Enter Laura and Lisetta.

L A U R A.

COME, prithee, child, let's have done with this
dressing, away with the toilet, for it begins to
grow fatiguing.

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H h

LISETTA.

L I S E T T A.

How can I possibly have done, if your ladyship is singing all the time?

L A U R A.

Well! and what would you have me do? sir *George* has sent me some charming words, set to the prettiest tune in the world. Oh, I will absolutely learn it against he comes; it is his composition, and deserves that attention.

[Sings.] In the ways of love mysterious,

Don't you think sir *George* is mighty agreeable?

L I S E T T A.

Oh, yes, madam, but why don't you tell me at once that you are in love with him——It would be all one, since I must know it.

L A U R A.

Not so fast, *Lifetta*; I distinguish him from the herd, and that is all. He has a softness of manners, a cheerfulness of disposition, an easy and agreeable address, ~~and many winning ways to captivate a heart.~~ I think him the prettiest fellow in the world, and really, if ever I should play the fool and marry, I should wish to find all the qualities in my conqueror, which are to be found in sir *George*.

L I S E T T A.

If your ladyship pleases, not so fast too. Sir *George* has a desire, and makes it his aim to please; to that, perhaps, all his good qualities are reducible. You have not known him long enough, to be certain, whether all this merit is intrinsic and his own. Don't you know, madam, that men are always charming, when they take it into their head to appear so——but how long does that last?——The time which is necessary to deceive

deceive us — So that — but — Why, madam, what I have been saying is of more consequence than your song, and yet you don't attend.

[*Laura sings.*] In the ways of Love mysterious,
You wou'd real bliss attain.

[*Looking in the glass.*] Upon my word, child, you have said a great many pretty things, but as I am acquainted with them a great deal better than you; and as I do not know this song, that claims the preference in my attention;

Smooth the brow and wrinkle serious,

Love, and be belov'd again.

[*Rises.*] I made a vast many reflexions this morning, *Lisetta*. They would really have given me the vapours, if possible. [*Sits down on a sofa, and sings the following air:*

Must our liberty be lost,

When there's nothing sweet without it,

Still be cruel to our cost,

But to make a fuss about it?

Happy in our beauty's reign,

To be flatter'd and be vain.

[*Returns to her toilet.*

L I S E T T A.

And pray, madam, may one know the result of your ladyship's reflexions?

L A U R A.

Lisetta, I think I have some inclination towards matrimony.

L I S E T T A.

O heavens! are you weary of being happy?

H h 2

LAURA.

L A U R A.

Happy! Why, am I? Yes, to be sure, in many respects; but does my conduct, honourable and justifiable as it is, persuade me to enjoy an entire unsullied reputation? The public opinion, *Lisetta*, is something. These men now, who come to pay their court to me, merely for their amusement, have not they the air of pretending to my heart? How do I know how far those, who only know me by name, may misconstrue my love of liberty, while those indeed, who visit me, despise me, perhaps, most respectfully, and entertain the false idea, that one of them is more happy than all the rest?

L I S E T T A.

These are melancholy reflexions, upon my word, but to destroy them with one word, when a husband shall claim a property in you, will you never see any body else?

L A U R A.

Oh, *Lisetta*, I love the world, and marriage will never alter my taste.

L I S E T T A.

Ah, madam, people will say the same things then, you seem so apprehensive of now; and you will have gained nothing by the bargain, but the disagreeable necessity of giving an account of yourself to a master, who may, whenever he pleases, sacrifice you to a scandalous story, or false representation.

L A U R A.

You have set me quite at rest, *Lisetta*. I don't think any more about it.

L I S E T T A.

Not think about it? Oh, madam, you deceive yourself.

L A U R A.

Deceive myself! How?

L I S E T T A.

L I S E T T A.

Yes, I would venture a wager, when this idea of marrying came so suddenly into your head, you thought of sir George.

L A U R A.

Very good. You would persuade me that I'm in love with him.

L I S E T T A.

I can't tell — but you take a great deal of pains to appear amiable to him, and that is certainly one of the most sincere declarations of love,

L A U R A.

Again — really, *Lifetta*, you go extravagant lengths. No more of your ridiculous stuff — come sing the *Italian* duet I taught you.

L I S E T T A.

Italian ! that's the grand specific to all your ladyship's vapours.

S C E N E II.

Enter a Footboy, dressed as a Hussar.

B O Y.

A lady, madam, desires to know if she may speak with you in private ?

L I S E T T A.

What, has the lady no name ?

B O Y.

Most likely she has, but she would not tell it me.

L A U R A.

What sort of a person is she ?

B O Y.

She is not quite so handsome as your ladyship, but not far behind. — But she is a lady of fashion, for she
came

came out of a handsome chariot, which is to call for her again.

L A U R A.

Shew her up.

L I S E T T A.

But your head-dress, madam.

L A U R A.

I'll know this lady's business, and finish that afterwards.

S C E N E III.

Enter MELISSA, LAURA, LISETTA.

M E L I S S A.

Madam, I am not known to you, but your reputation, and a very particular reason of a personal nature, have made me determine to hazard this visit; and I hope your politeness will excuse the unseasonable interruption—

L A U R A.

Visits, madam, from persons like you, can never be unseasonable, but always confer an honour on those they are made to. Can I have the happiness of serving you in any thing?

M E L I S S A.

Yes, madam, and most essentially serving me, in an affair, in which the quiet of my whole life depends. I come to you, to consult you on the means of procuring it, to you, madam, who are the only person in whose power it is, by your good advice, to do me that service.

L A U R A.

In that case, madam, as far as it depends on me, you shall be perfectly satisfy'd.

LISETTA,

L I S E T T A. [*Reaching two chairs.*]

What do you think of this introduction, madam?

L A U R A.

I am already interested — This lady has prejudiced me in her favour, and to remove all uneasiness from her, I desire you will leave us. — Madam, pray be seated. *Lisetta*, leave us.

S C E N E IV.

Enter MELISSA and LAURA.

M E L I S S A.

No doubt, madam, but I hazard the making myself appear very ridiculous, in recounting my particular uneasiness. I have a husband, by whom I had the happiness of being lov'd, as much as heart could wish. For these two months past, I find in him only fashionable complaisance, the distant ceremonies, civilities of friendship, which can hardly be called the last ruins of love. The justness of my reproaches, and my inseparable affection to him, far from reclaiming, do but estrange him the more from me, and I have the daily unhappiness to find, that his indifference makes no alteration in my tenderness.

L A U R A.

And your husband, madam, has an attachment elsewhere, then?

M E L I S S A.

Alas, madam, I have but too much reason to fear so.

L A U R A.

So much the better for you, madam.

M E L I S S A.

How?

LAURA.

L A U R A.

Yes, madam, so much the better. It will advance your purpose the more easily. Had he left you without having any love, any attachment abroad, his heart, from an habitude of thinking, would become incapable of that return you so much desire. A wild, and perhaps low dissipation, might have stifled every principle of tenderness—There is no returning from that state, and you would then have the mortification of seeing yourself abandon'd for nothing. Whereas now he is engag'd with some other object, 'tis but a momentary preference, to which he cannot sacrifice you for any long time, and it is your part to manage in such a manner, that it may be as short as possible.

M E L I S S A.

Ah, madam, you have already satisfy'd me in a point which has caused me much unhappiness.

L A U R A.

The confidence you repose in me, whatever idea you may conceive of me, madam, interests me so much in your behalf, that I cannot help telling you sincerely all I have to say upon the subject. A heart that loves virtuously, always draws along with it a real esteem. 'Tis from this opinion, madam, since you desire it, that I am ready to communicate all my thoughts to you, with the few reflexions I have made.

M E L I S S A.

I have great need of them, madam, for though I have been married these two years, I have very little study'd that lesson, so necessary to be learnt in the world, to make the best advantage of the situation we are in. I have always let my heart act without the guidance of reason. This it is, which perhaps at this time makes me a victim to a sensibility which I cannot get the better of.

LAURA.

L A U R A.

That sensibility ought to render you adorable in the eyes of a husband, if men were more perfect than they really are. But that is not sufficient, and such is the imperfection of their nature, that we must have recourse to art to please them. Nature is too simple for hearts, which, from a weakness, loves variety, even in happiness itself.—I would wager, that the object which has stole the heart of your husband from you, without having all your good qualities, nay not even equalling you in beauty, has engaged him by some art you have not learnt, or neglected to employ.

M E L I S S A.

But——it may be——

L A U R A.

Do you know this person who has wrong'd you?

M E L I S S A.

Oh yes, madam, and the graces, both of her person and mind, are the subject of all my fears.

L A U R A.

Is she so formidable? What kind of woman is she?

M E L I S S A.

She has been describ'd to me as a most charming person, whose happy talents embellish the gaiety of her disposition. I thought the pourtrait flatter'd her, and I had the curiosity to see my rival; far from finding her inferior to the commendation, I had the mortification to find qualities in her still more to be valued. An open and generous carriage, a mind enlighten'd with a most excellent understanding, a soul full of generosity; and, in short, every thing that could make me despair of recovering the heart I am in search after. Ah, madam, I see but too well my misfortunes have no remedy.

L A U R A.

That's a strange idea, madam; I am of a very different opinion. You have every advantage requisite to force from any rival, or at least dispute, a heart which you pursue. But it is plain you do not make use of them. Attack him with the same weapons, employ the same magic; and so far from her having the ascendant over you, you will have one thing greatly above her, the power of virtue, which will weigh down the scale at once, tho' she were equal in every other point. You would be much amaz'd, if, instead of blaming your husband for his inconstancy, I should prove that you yourself are the cause of it.

M E L I S S A.

I have examin'd myself, madam, I can reproach myself with nothing, and my conduct is above suspicion.

L A U R A.

'Tis not your virtue that I mean, 'tis to your want of art and address I attribute it; a fault which has been the bane of many women of the first merit.

M E L I S S A.

Go on, madam, I attend with pleasure.

L A U R A.

'Tis less difficult, madam, to gain a heart, than to preserve it. A woman thinks she has nothing to do but to be affectionate, soft, easy, and faithful. So far, indeed, she is right, these qualities ought to be the foundation of her character, they will not fail to gain her esteem in the world; but it is not so in our manners, if she desires to fix the heart of her husband, she must have address, a little management, a spirited gayety on occasion, intermixed with a little humour and caprice.

M E L I S S A.

Madam, you are, I believe, in the right, but how is that to be acquired, when one naturally ——

L A U R A.

L A U R A.

Get the better of your disposition, master your bias, quit that mournful plaintive tone, which makes your husband desirous of looking abroad for chearfulness. Make your own house agreeable to him, your company amusing, cast variety into your method of pleasing, try to be in his eyes many women at once, and multiply, if I may so say, rather than annihilate yourself in the heart of the man you love.

M E L I S S A.

You have given me excellent advice on many things, and I plainly perceive the consequence a woman may draw from them; but, madam, the practice will be difficult; and if, together with your just theory, I could see any striking example before my eyes of the art, both you I think so necessary, I might then——

L A U R A. [*Rises.*]

I beg pardon, madam, I hear a coach at the door. Perhaps you would not chuse to be known. I'll enquire if it is to me.

M E L I S S A.

How obliging is your attention!

S C E N E V.

L A U R A.

See who that is, *Lisetta*.

L I S E T T A.

'Tis sir *George Careless*, madam.

L A U R A.

What do you propose to do, madam? 'tis a gentleman who often does me the favour of a visit; a gentleman of very agreeable qualifications.

M E L I S S A.

Dear madam——He may perhaps know——and I should be in the utmost distraction, if any one——I don't know——

L A U R A.

A thought has immediately come across me, may prove serviceable to you. You say you would be glad to have an example join'd to the theory I have laid down. This visit of *Mr George's* is directly your affair. He has some pretensions to my heart; as I believe his views are honourable, I cannot say I am displeased with him; but I treat him in such a manner, as not to cure him too soon. Retire into that closet, madam, where you may hear all, and draw some profit from the method I shall pursue in my behaviour to him.

M E L I S S A.

Nothing can be better imagin'd, I'll promise you, I will not lose a single word of the conversation.

L A U R A.

Your just complaints, madam, have put me out of humour with every thing that bears any relation to a husband. He shall immediately pay for the behaviour of your's, and I hope from this example, you will have resolution hereafter to work a correction yourself.—Oh, here he is, *Lisetta*, conduct the lady.

M E L I S S A.

I am sorry you should trouble yourself so on my account.

L A U R A.

Let me proceed, madam, and do you endeavour to profit by it. I fancy I know better what is necessary in this case, than you do.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter LAURA and Sir GEORGE.

LAURA. [*At her toilet, adjusting her hair.*]

Oh, sir, are you come? I am extremely glad to see you. — The key of your box is I find not to be obtained.

SIR GEORGE.

I have done myself the pleasure of bringing it with me.

L A U R A.

Done yourself the pleasure of bringing a key, that is indeed creating a pleasure in every thing. — But is this an hour to go to a new opera?

SIR GEORGE.

'Tis but half an hour after five, and you never go till six.

L A U R A.

True, sir, but I had a mind to go precisely at the time this evening.

SIR GEORGE.

And in order to be ready, the business of the toilet is not yet dispatched.

L A U R A.

By that ironical tone, sir *George*, you would insinuate, I suppose, that I want common sense.

SIR GEORGE.

What an idea, my charming *Laura*, can any one have a better conviction of your's, than I have?

L A U R A.

And why should your proof, your knowledge in that respect, be superior to any others? Have I understanding
only

only for you? or do you think yourself the only person capable of forming that judgment?

SIR GEORGE.

Nor one, nor t'other, madam; but I am sure no one is so interested as I am, and 'tis that which makes me distinguish your good qualities better than any other person.

L A U R A.

Oh, mighty well! this compliment stands you in great stead. Men are most admirable things, they throw out a pretty turn of epigrammatical wit upon us, and think every thing is accommodated with great ease, and we are mightily content. Sir, pray keep your compliment for a better occasion, and your box for some other day.

SIR GEORGE.

Then you don't go to the opera, madam!

L A U R A.

Why not, sir, is there no other box but your's?— I can have the baron's, who, more observant than you, sent to offer it me this morning.

SIR GEORGE.

And you have accepted it, madam?

L A U R A.

Why not?

SIR GEORGE.

Only the baron is a happy man, madam; could I have imagin'd you had any doubt of my punctuality, you should have had the key of my box yesterday. So that the baron's—

L A U R A.

Well, well, this dispute about the keys makes my head ache. Let's have done with it.

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

With all my heart. I know your sincerity. Now come own, tell me honestly, was not you a little out of humour, when I first came hither, and you have honoured me with the preference in venting it?

L A U R A.

And pray why not? Certainly you should look upon that as a particular favour. Should you have been pleased, now, if I had kept it for any other. — But perhaps you would be more agreeably entertained, to hear me sing the air you sent me. The words are modest and simple. You see how fond I am of them.

SIR GEORGE.

They are such as you inspir'd into my heart; for the wit of them, I must beg your indulgence. You are charming, madam, whenever you please.

L A U R A.

Mere author's flattery; because he has made the words. — But really I believe I am so now and then.

[Sings.] In the ways of love mysterious,
Would you real bliss attain,
Smooth the brow, and wrinkle serious,
Love and be belov'd again.

SIR GEORGE.

Your voice improves every day.

L A U R A.

I have acquir'd a little more art in my way of singing, that's all; but I can't reach your excellence, sir George, tho' perhaps I may arrive at it hereafter.

SIR GEORGE.

Was I not well acquainted with you, I should take that modest speech of your's for irony.

LAURA.

L A U R A.

I do you but justice. You shall see I will sing the duet you gave me last.

S I R G E O R G E.

With all my heart.

L A U R A.

Come, sit you there then.

[*Here follows a Duett.*]

L A U R A.

Apropos, favours, fir *George*! have you never thought of partaking those favours, by a mutual connexion under the influence of *Hymen*?

S I R G E O R G E.

Oh yes, madam, I can hardly have liv'd so long, without having entertain'd that agreeable idea.

L A U R A.

Tell me now, fir *George*, tell me honestly, what scheme of matrimony have you form'd.

S I R G E O R G E.

What scheme, madam? That's a very delicate question.

L A U R A.

I have my reasons for putting it.

S I R G E O R G E. [*Aside.*]

Surely she does not know——

L A U R A.

That agreeable idea, to use your own expression, notwithstanding all my philosophical fortifications against it, has made great incursions into my mind. Now, I should be glad to know, if your thoughts on that subject suit with mine at all.

S I R

SIR GEORGE. [*Embarrassed.*]

Madam, all I can say is, that I am a man, made like the rest, to follow the fashion, and not trouble myself much with reflexion.

L A U R A.

What, would you take the oath requir'd on such an occasion, with a determin'd design of never keeping it? Come, come, sir *George*, you don't think at all.

SIR GEORGE.

When I say this, madam, 'tis not from any sensation that I have within, that I should ever act unconformable to the rules of honour. But what is marriage after all? an union from the motives of interest and decency, with a woman we can't get rid of. In spite of whatever happens, they are link'd to each other for life. The certainty of which, as it is mutually abused on both sides, makes them neglect even the endeavour of pleasing; from hence proceeds a coolness and indifference, each sticks to their own party, follows the torrent of the world, and ends by being totally careless of each other, as far as the world will permit them, which requires no more than an external complaisance.

L A U R A.

How, sir! And is all the happiness marriage is susceptible of, reduc'd to this point?

SIR GEORGE.

I beg your pardon, madam, I forgot to mention one consequence, which is children, necessary indeed to preserve estates to us, which, without them, we might be oblig'd to restore.

L A U R A.

You speak to me surely of people who come together without any principle of affection. But how would you behave yourself to an amiable lady, whose beauty and talents could engage your affections, and who should make your happiness her first pleasure?

S I R G E O R G E.

Madam, I should adore her. Fashion then could have no power over me.—But do wives commonly dedicate their excellent and agreeable talents to their husbands, for any continuance?

L A U R A.

If she neglects them in his eyes, 'tis because he appears to be no longer affected with them, and that others, less indifferent, behold her with more justice.

S I R G E O R G E.

No, madam, I know ladies of the strictest virtue. I have seen more than one dressed up with every grace, and adorned with every excellent qualification the evening of her marriage, and yet eight days after throw aside all those qualities she possessed, which might please her husband. The husband, you will think, perhaps, has no right to complain; she does no more for another than for him; but she does not endeavour to please him more than any other. In short, this very man, with the best disposition in the world towards loving his wife passionately and sincerely for his whole life, finds this very wife so little attentive to exert the faculties she has to appear amiable, that a distaste arises in his mind against his will, and from one, the best calculated to honour, love and marriage, in the same object, he becomes the most dissipated and inconstant in the whole world.

L A U R A.

Now, sir, from the lively and animated way you have expressed your sentiments, one might almost guess you yourself had been in the case of one of these husbands.—But that I know is impossible.

S I R G E O R G E.

A little knowledge of the world, madam, will teach us as much from the example of others, as from our own experience.

LAURA.

L A U R A.

Oh, that's not always true. However I am glad to see we are so well agreed. Let's drop the argument. I am afraid this serious tone grows tiresome. — I think you had e'en better go to the opera.

S I R G E O R G E.

Can any conversation with you, madam, ever become tiresome?

L A U R A.

I always take great care to change it before that moment can happen. I love my friends for themselves. Make yourself easy, sir *George*, the baron's box was mere pleasantry: I shall be at home, and shall expect you to bring me the news from the opera.

S I R G E O R G E.

On that condition, madam, I take my leave. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E. VII.

Enter LAURA, MELISSA, LISETTA.

L A U R A.

Come, madam, he's gone — have not you been tired of your prison?

M E L I S S A.

No, madam, your conversation has given me great pleasure.

L A U R A.

You have now heard, in as short a time as possible, the method we should take to amuse ourselves, and engage the men. Shifting by turns from caprice to gaiety, gaiety to reason, reason to sentiment; that's the whole secret, and that's the train every woman, who wishes to please, should follow.

K k 2

MELISSA:

MELISSA.

I have so well comprehended the lesson, that I desire nothing more towards reclaiming my husband; and really I begin to reproach myself for my own inconstancy. I must sure have been very insipid, but I will put your receipt to the tryal this very evening.

LISETTA.

You have a scholar, madam, which does you honour, for she has heard every thing with attention.

LAURA.

I was extremely glad to question sir *George* on the subject of matrimony. His advice cannot be suspected, and he has owned honestly he should behave like the rest of the husbands, if he had a wife who neglected all the means of pleasing him. Yet as he is a gentleman, of probity and honour, I make it a particular case to him.

MELISSA.

I think as you do, madam, from the justness of his answers.

LAURA.

You delight me exceedingly — The good we hear others speak of those we love, inhances the opinion we have already conceiv'd of them. As your confidence in me, renders you deserving of mine in return, I will not conceal from you, that I design to unite myself with him in a lawful alliance; he will make any woman who deserves him, happy, if she will be at the pains of endeavouring to please him. — But, bless me, you change colour, madam! I am surpriz'd —

MELISSA.

'Tis nothing at all, madam, only a little faintness, that will soon be over.

LISETTA.

The lady has been so long confin'd, without daring hardly to breathe, or speak a single word, perhaps that constraint has overpowered her.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

I believe 'tis that indeed.

L A U R A.

No, madam, pardon my indiscretion, I suspect you have only open'd your mind by halves. You would hardly have come to consult me, but from some very pressing reason. You will run no hazard in acquainting me with the secret, and there may be some danger in concealing it.

MELISSA.

What, madam, you suspect? —

L A U R A.

Yes——madam——the motive of your visit——that sudden emotion at the name of *sir George*, the agreement of the time for which you accuse your inconstant, with my acquaintance with him; every thing in short, assures me, that you are come hither to reclaim the heart of *sir George*; that he is your husband, or at least your lover. It is absolutely necessary to inform me who he is, if you do not wish that I should marry him.

MELISSA.

Ah, madam, you force a secret from me, I had form'd a strong resolution never to divulge. *Sir George* had some disposition towards me, and my visit to you, innocent as it is, might perhaps, in his sight, appear a forwardness, which would only make me odious.

L A U R A.

Fear nothing, madam, I should be too much a sufferer myself, if I abus'd your confidence. I restore *sir George* to you, under whatever denomination he belongs to you. But trust me, and from my advice learn THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

L I S E T T A.

Ladies are not all so generous in their resignations now adays.

MELISSA.

M E L I S S A.

Your noble way of acting, madam, deserves all my esteem.

L A U R A.

The action recompenses itself. Confess, madam, that women would save themselves much uneasiness, if they would be less studious to estrange themselves from their perfidious husbands, and trust more to the natural and particular rights they have over them. Then perfidy would wear its proper countenance, and become a vice in its real colours, and so many gallant gentlemen, who drive the trade, would not have it in their power to play so scandalous a game at our expence.

M E L I S S A.

Knowing your manner of thinking, I dare rely on your discretion, and will, from this moment, put in practise that art, whose utility you have so plainly proved to me.

L A U R A.

Be assur'd, madam, that your secret shall be my own.

M E L I S S A.

Madam, your servant. Let what will happen, I can never forget my obligations.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Laura and Lisetta.

L A U R A.

And so, my fine sir *George*, you would pass for a single man, and have a beautiful lady to your wife, whom you neglect. These perfidious husbands, however, don't make others so.

L I S E T T A.

L I S E T T A.

Thus it is, madam, that these treasons, when discovered, go unpunish'd. Was I in your place, I would make an example.

L A U R A.

His wife is too deserving, to be made unhappy in any thing; she desires to fix him, and I wish her success with all my heart.—But for that——

L I S E T T A.

I admire your generosity, madam. But if all ladies of strict virtue take example from this, consider that you will have to reproach yourself with the ruin of I know not how many charming and honourable ladies, who have establish'd their own fortune on the quarrels of families, and inconstancy of husbands.

L A U R A.

Whatever agreeable airs their wives may put on, *Lisetta*, there will be but too many husbands, whose inconstancy will be proof against my remedy. But I expect sir *George* after the opera, and without betraying a secret I have engag'd to keep, I'll tell him enough at least to make him understand I will never see him more. See where I should have been, had I lov'd—Villain—Ah, *Lisetta*! sincere and affectionate wives have but too much reason for complaint in these days.

L I S E T T A.

But these are faults, ladies in general take great pains to get rid of.

L A U R A.

However I much approve of them, to this end I employ myself at present. Ill fortune to the man who dares give himself the airs of making his address to me.

END of ACT the SECOND.

[*The last ACT in our next.*]

LOVE

L O V E and T I M E.

An ALLEGORICAL TALE:

Imitated from ROUSSEAU. By Mr. CHARLES DENIS.

THAT VENUS, queen of love and beauty,
 Was oft found tripping in her duty ;
 'Tis no great wonder, you will say ;
 But that th' old wife of th' oldest god,
 Should at her sober time of day,
 With a young stripling go astray,
 Methinks 'tis very odd !
 What ! granny OPS, MATER DEORUM,
 Be guilty of such indecorum !
 She, of all ancient prudes the pattern,
 Behave like any modern flattern !
 'Twas even so : She took a boy,
 The beardless ATYS, for her toy.
 Her husband, SATURN, *alias* TIME,
 (A more convenient word for rhyme)
 Together caught this pair of lovers ;
 There's nothing but what TIME discovers.
 No need to tell what noise he made ;
 'Twas am'rous puffs, and lech'rous jade ;
 And harsher names which he bestow'd,
 Much unbecoming of a God.
 But Gods, we know, as well as men,
 Had most unruly passions then.
 Then *vice versa* th' ancient goddess,
 Vex't to be found without her boddice,
 Set all his ribbaldry at nought,
 And gave as good as what he brought.
 Weak, fumbling fool, and stupid log,
 That only set the will agog,
 Then stopt the wheel, for want of water ;
 As he by long experience taught her,

When

When Gods grew old, and past their labour,
'Twas natural t'employ a neighbour.

And after all, what did she more

Than other heav'nly dames?

For she cou'd quote above a score

Convicted of unlawful flames.

E'en chaste DIANA had ENDYMION;

And if report says true,

The wise MINERVA too,

Was not without her minion.

Thus as she gave her tongue full sway;

SATURN had not a word to say;

When CUPID, always niddy-noddy,

Like MARPLOT, in the busy-body,

Without being ask'd, sat up for judge

(For which TIME then first ow'd a grudge)

Not minding plaintiff or defendant,

Resolv'd at once to make an end on't.

Fool that he was, in case of strife,

To thrust his oar 'twixt man and wife.

For tho' from words they came to blows,

A third shou'd never interpose.

In such a case, or story lyes,

The wise TIRESIAS lost his eyes;

For JUNO scratch'd them out in spite,

When he pronounc'd JOVE in the right.

But CUPID makes a joke of laws,

Nor minds the merit of the cause;

And so to finish the dispute,

Condemns the God with costs of suit.

The sentence fretted SATURN much,

But——a husband's fate is such.

—— And what redress in this sad case?

None; but to pocket the disgrace:

For fretting does but gall your sore,

And only makes folks laugh the more.

So venerable TIME drank up,

Or seem'd to gulp the bitter cup.

He knew t' appeal to other gods,
 How much against him were the odds.
 For what but shame did VULCAN get,
 With MARS and VENUS in his net?
 But SATURN, wiser than the other,
 I mean the God, his cuckold brother,
 In prudence, made no greater pother.
 Well he knew how, as god of time,
 To make all three repent their crime:
 His vengeance soon was brought about;
 For ere three moons were in and out,
 'The lover fated, tir'd, disgusted,
 Ne'er minds for what th' old goddess lusted,
 But leaves, as usual in such case,
 Her wrinkl'd phiz, for smoother face.
 SANGARITIS, her *maid of honor*,
 'To gain the youngster, took upon her:
 Which when found out, old MASTER storm'd,
 And then a cruel act perform'd,
 That left poor ATYS on a par
 With what we read of ABELARD;
 For which sad ELOISA griev'd
 So much, 'twill scarcely be believ'd;
 But that the story of her woes,
 In her own lines energetic flows;
 And with such flames as plainly prove,
 She burn'd not with *platonick* love.
 — Oh, oh! quoth TIME, this is rare doing!
 She has with *his*, spoil'd her *own* woin.
 On them my vengeance is compleated,
 But yet 'tis far from being fated.
 With strong resentment still I burn,
 And now the Judge shall have his turn.
 Soon CUPID felt, as TIME resolv'd,
 The woes wherein he was involv'd:
 In vain he hides, and sculks, and dodges,
 TIME finds him out, where'er he lodges,

And

And when secure he hopes to rest,
 TIME ferrets him from forth his nest.
 Or like a spider on a fly,
 Ne'er leaves him till he sucks him dry.
 In vain love strives to make a stand
 Against TIME's persecuting hand;
 In vain he offers, begs and sues
 To make a peace—at least a truce.
 No: 'tis decreed by some curst star,
 That TIME and LOVE shall ever jar.

O D E. To a young WIDOW.

From ROUSSEAU. By the Same.

WHAT still this dismal pomp of woe!
 Is it not time to end the show,
 Whatever frowning prudes may think?
 Six moons have felt increase and wane,
 Since your good spouse to heav'n was ta'en,
 And HYMEN quench'd his link.

Why mourn a husband's *timely* fate?
 Alas! we all, or soon or late,
 Must tread the dreary *Stygian* shore;
 Had he been handsome, young and stout,
 Instead of homely, old, worn out,
 What cou'd your sighs say more?

Then leave this mimic farce of grief,
 To such as really want relief;
 They may in doleful dumps take on;
 But you! when thousands wait your will,
 Lovers that you may save, or kill,
 Why weep one husband gone?

Pay no regard to what is said
Of her *, who when her spouse was dead,
Would needs with him be buried too ;
Or if you will that matron act,
Then make PETRONIUS' story fact,
And play her part quite thro'.

Your *Grecian*, and your *Roman* dames,
For whose connubial widow'd flames,
Historians make so great a racket,
Were all, whatever we are told,
Cast in the very self-same mould
With SOUTHERN's widow *Lack-it*.

Those mausoléums rais'd of old,
Much more of pride than grief unfold,
Like some we see quite new.
When groans are turn'd to such a height,
They place in the same glaring light
The mourn'd and mourner too.

But in what age was ever seen
An ARTEMISIA of eighteen ?
Point out the lady if you can.
ANDROMACHE, for all her tears,
Gave two successors in three years
To HECTOR, her good man.

Lay not poor DIDO's case to heart,
She might have better done her part,
And fix'd perhaps, the *pious* rover ;
'Twas her own fault she was forsook ;
For who, in CUPID's name, e'er took
A METHODIST for lover ?

* Ephesian Matron.

And what indeed could she expect
From one who shew'd so great neglect
Of matrimonial love and vows ?
Who, when his TROY was all on fire,
Bore off his gods, his son and fire,
And left behind his spouse.

For you more blisful stars shall shine,
Again shall love and HYMEN join,
And fix again the happy day ;
The day when some deserving youth
Shall be rewarded for his truth ;
And You his love repay !

The altar's deckt, the incense burns,
The smiles and graces sing by turns ;
And see the flames auspicious rise !
Around the little CUPIDS croud,
Whilst VENUS, seated on a cloud,
Approves the sacrifice.

Queen ELIZ. To the Lord Treasurer B.

Sir Spiritt,

I Doubt I doe nickname you for those of your kind (they say) have not sense, but I have of late seen an ecce signum, that if an ass kick you, you feele it too soone. I will recant you from being my Spiritt, if ever I perceive that you disdaine not such a feelinge. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know, that you rather desire them righting of
such

such wronge, by making knowne theyr error, then you to be so silly a soule, as to foreshowe that you ought to doe, or, not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of noe man soe much, as not to regard her trust who puts in you.

God blest you, and long may you last.

Rer 8, May
1583.

Omniō. E. R.

HENRY, Earl of RICHMOND, before he was King, to his Friends here in England, from beyond the Seas, &c.

RIGHT trusty, worshipfull and honourable good friends, and our allies, I greet you well. Being given to understand your good devoir and intent to advance me to the furtherance of my rightful claim, due, and lineal inheritance of that crowne, and for the just depriving of the homicide and unnatural tyrant which now unjustly bears dominion over you; I give you to understand that no Christian heart can be more full of joy and gladness then the heart of me your poor exiled freind, who will, upon the instance of your sure advertise what powers ye will make ready, and what captains and leaders you gett to conduct, be prepared to pass over the sea with such forces as my friends here are preparing for me. And if I have such good speed and success as I wish, according to your desire, I shall ever be most forward to remember, and wholly to requite

quite this your great and most loving kindness in my
just quarrel.

Given under our signet, &c.

I pray you give credence to the
messenger of that he shall impart
to you.

H.

PROLOGUS ad EUNUCHUM.

Hospitibus scenæ exiguæ dum læta precari
Gaudet inornatis musa Latina modis,
Offert sese ultro præclarius argumentum,
Quo jam terrarum consonat omne solum.
Hinc hostes debellati, socii inde periclis
Erepti, et toto rapta trophœa mari.
Jamque inter laurus quas misit Havanna recentes,
Æmula flaventem tollit oliva comam.
Jam spoliis belli suspensis undique ramos
Insinuat laudes mox habitura pares
Sat bello fortique datum est; nunc pacis amœnos
Ad fructus, rerum lætior ordo vocat.
Nunc et progenie regalia fœdera firmans
Explevit Britonum fervida vota Deus.
Ne placidas pueri turbet discordia cunas
Oscula nec reddat patria læta minus.
At circum dum quæque aspirat mollior aura
Ambroseos rores irriget alma solus.
Moribus ipse pater pubentes imbuet annos
Virtutem exemplo præsidioque fovens.
Sic patriæ discens venerari jure, parente
Succrescat sensim dignus utroque puer.
Sic libertati sacratam in sæcula sedem
Imperio legum qui tueatur, erit.

E P I-

E P I L O G U S.

NUmmatus pulchre et bene curatâ cute pinguis,
 Sæpe suburbanis ruris amæna peto;
 Nempe viam propter satis est mihi commoda, quamquam
 (Ut fatear) paulum pulverulenta domus.
 Hortulus est etiam Chinenſi non ſine ponte,
 Nec templo, ducit quo ſinuofa via,
 Et lepidum porro fruticetum — ſcilicet uxor,
 Vix credas quantum noſtra ſaporis habet.
 Nuſquam alias tubus eſt jucundior — at quod opinor,
 Præcipuum, ad portam eſt primus ab urbe lapis,
 Ocius hinc Janum accurrens, emo, transfero, vendo,
 Viſo quos pariat quælibet hora dolos,
 Quam dubio fluitet ratio nummaria lapſu,
 Quas turbas cæci murmuris aura ferat:
 Nam nobis æque pacis rumore ſecundo,
 Aut tempeſtivâ clade parantur opes.
 Nolo ego Judæos — ſatis eſt in me mihi fraudis —
 Actum eſt; tranſactum eſt — Inſtitor ipſe mihi:
 Lex utcunque vetet, ſum taurus et uſa viciffim,
 Clauda etiam, lucrum ſi modo poſcat, anas.
 Sed videamus habent ut ſe res — utpote ſolo
 Hoc nunquam eſt mendax charta diurna loco.
 Navales ſchedulæ—Transfer—Scrip—India—Conſol—
 Omnium—in ambiguo eſt vendam hodie vel emam.
 Sed quid ego hic nugor?—jam tempus poſtulat—ibo,
 Inveniar, ſi quis quæritet—ad JONATHAN'S.

To

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES's MAGAZINE.

OLD FRIEND,

OUR meeting together at the Westminster play, made me call to mind a design I had once conceived of giving a translation of *Plautus*, in the Old English measure—You understand me, I mean in the stile and manner, that many comedies of *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, &c. are written in. I own frankly, that this design was first suggested to me by an intention of a friend of ours (a brother CONNOISSEUR) to do the same by *Terence*. The idiom of the dialogue in *Plautus*, I found, upon trial, would happily fall in with that of our language in common easy talk, as well as in the elegant and more refined conversation. My business, at present, is not to dissert on the *vis comica* of my author, in comparison with that of *Terence*, or on the variety of his characters, or the variety of his numbers, or the elegance of his diction;—as I would not chuse to rob my Preface (if the work should ever come out) of so many good Pages: but give me leave just to observe, by the bye, that no dramatic author whatever abounds with so many Moral Sentiments (not lugged in ostentatiously, but delivered in character) as He does. The specimen I have picked out, to exhibit before the public, is in no sort intended to prove the excellence of the original or the translation; but because it will save me and your readers the trouble of enquiring into the Plot. Let it suffice just to mention, that the three characters are, an hearty old Fellow, a young Fellow whom he befriends in a love-intrigue, and the young fellow's servant. The whole scene would probably take up too much room in a work, which is intended to be miscellaneous; and I wish I was not obliged to subjoin the *Latin*, which is

VOL. I.

M m

done

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done with a view only, that the understanding reader, if he will give himself the trouble, may see my drift in the translation. This is, in few words, to give as literal an explanation of the author as may be, and at the same time to make it read like an original. I desire it to be printed in your collection, as I think it (without flattery, which is nonsense between friends) the most likely means of getting at the opinion of the sensible and judicious, whether it would be worth while to proceed in the undertaking. I hope to be pardoned by nice critics for any mistake; as I send you the loose copy, just as I run it off in the heat and hurry of my writing it, without revising.

B. T.

The BRAGGART CAPTAIN.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PALÆSTRIO, PLEUSIDES, PERIPLECTOMENES.

PALASTRIO *entering*.

STAY, Pleusides, a while within, and first
Let me look out, lest any ambuscade
Be form'd against the council we would hold.
For need we now a safe and secret place,

Where

MILES GLORIOSUS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PALÆSTRIO, PLEUSIDES, PERIPLECTOMENES.

PALÆSTRIO.

COhibete intra limen etiam vos parumper, Pleusides.
Sinite me prius prospectare, ne uspiam insidiæ fient
Concilio, quod habere volumus, nam opus est nunc tuto
loco,

Unde

Where never enemy can over-reach us,
Where never enemy can over-hear us.
For what is well-advis'd is ill-advis'd,
The foe if it advantage: nor it can't be,
But, if it profit him, it hurteth me.
Good councils many a time are ta'en by stealth,
If that the place for speaking be not chose
With care and caution; for if th' enemy
Know your deliberations, they can tie
Your tongue up, and your hands, with your own
councils,
And do the same to you, you would to them.
But I will spy abroad, lest any one
Or to the right or left should plant his ears
To intercept our councils.—My whole prospect
Is desert quite, e'en to the end o'th' street.—
I'll call them out.—Periplectomenes,—Hoa !——
And Pleusides,—come forth. [*They both enter.*]
PE. Behold us here
Obedient to you.

PA.

Unde inimicus ne quis nostris spolia capiat consiliis,
Unde inimicus ne quis nostra spolia capiat auribus :
Nam bene consultum, inconsultum est, si inimicis sit usui :
Neque potest, quin, si id inimicis usui est, oblit mihi ;
Nam bonum consilium surripitur sæpissime,
Si minus cum cura aut cate locus loquendi lectus est :
Quippe si resciverint inimici consilium tuum,
Tuopte tibi consilio occludunt linguam, & constringunt
manus :
Atque eadè, quæ illis voluisti facere, faciunt tibi.
Sed speculabor, ne quis aut hinc à læva, aut à dextera
Nostro consilio venator affit cum auritis plagis.
Sterilis hinc prospectus usque ad ultimam plateam est probe.
Evocabo. heus Periplectomene & Pleusides, progredimini.
PER. Ecce nos tibi obediens.

PER. Ecce nos tibi obediēteis.

M m 2

Pa.

PA. * Easy is the sway
O'er them, who profit by't.—But I would know,
Whether we hold the self-same resolutions
We made within.

PE. Nothing can be more useful
To our affair.

PA. You, Pleusides, what think you?

PL. Can it displease me, ought that pleases you?

PE. There's no one, ever that knew how to speak
More properly, more aptly than yourself,

PA. In troth and it behoves him so to do!

PL. (To PE.) But, sir, there's one thing to my very
soul,

Torments me.

PE. What is it, torments you? Tell me.

PL. To think I would engage you in a thing,
So young and puerile,—one of your years——
So unbecoming of you, and your virtues :——
In short, that I should ask you to assist me

In

* So the best commentators understand this passage.

PA. Facile est imperium in bonis.
Sed volo scire, eodem consilio, quod intus meditati sumus,
Si gerimus rem.

PER. Magis ad rem non potest esse utibile.

PA. Imo quod tibi Pleusides?

PL. Quodne vobis placeat, displiceat mihi?

PER. Quis homo scit magis usquam, quam tu, loqui lepide
& commode?

PA. Pol ita decet hunc facere.

PL. At hoc me facinus miserum macerat,
Meum cor corpusque cruciat.

PER. Quid est id, quod cruciat? cedo.

PL. Me tibi istuc ætatis homini facinora puerilia

Objicere, neque te decora, neque tuis virtutibus:

Eaque expetere te ex opibus summis mei honoris gratia,

Mihique

In my amours,—for you to do such things,
Which age, like yours, doth more avoid than follow:
It shames me, I respect your age so little.

PER. Why you're a lover, man, of a new mode;—
That you can blush at any thing you do.
Go, go, you nothing love:—A lover? No,
The semblance you, and shadow of a lover.

PL. But, good sir, is it right in me t'employ
One of your age to forward my amours?

PER. How say you? Do I then appear to you
One of th' next world already? Do I seem
So near my grave, and to have liv'd so long?
Why troth I am not above fifty-four:—
I have my eye-sight clear, and I can use
My hands, and I can walk, as well as ever.

PA. (*To PL.*) This old man, though his hairs be grey,
his mind
Is not a whit impair'd: there still is in him
The same ingenuous temper to a jot.

PL

Mihique amanti ire opitulatum, atque ea te facere facinora,
Quæ istæ cætas fugere facta magis quam sectari solet.
Eam pudet me tibi in senectâ objicere sollicitudinem.

PER. Novo modo tu homo amas: siquidem te quicquam,
quod faxis, pudet.

Nihil amas: umbra es amantum magis, quam amator,
Pleufides.

PL. Hancine ætatem exercere me mei amoris gratia?

PER. Quid ais tu? itane tibi ego videor oppido Acherun-
ticus

Tam capularis, tamne tibi diu videor vitam vivere?

Nam equidem haud sum annos natus præter quinquaginta
& quattuor:

Clare oculis video, pernix sum manibus, pedibus mobilis.

PA. Si albus capillis hic videtur, neutiquam ingenio est
fenex.

Inest in hoc amuffitata sua sibi ingenua indoles.

PL.

PL. True, I've experienc'd it—'tis as you say,
Palæstrio—for he is benign and friendly,
As any youth could be, in this affair.

PE. Dear sir, the more you try, the more you'll
know
My heartiness towards you——

PL. Need he further
Conviction, who's convinc'd already?

PE. Only
That you may have sufficient proof at home,
As not abroad to seek it.—Prithee now,——
He who was never yet himself in love,
Can hardly see into a lover's mind.
For my part, I have still some little spice
Of love and moisture in my frame:—in troth,
I am not quite dried up with love and gallantry.
Moreover, you will find me a choice spirit,
A boon companion;—in my talk I never
Am overbearing, but I've learnt to suit
Myself to others' humours;—when to take

A part

PL. Pol id quidem exerior ita esse, ut prædicas, Palæstrio,
Nam benignitas quidem hujus oppido ut adolescentuli est!

PER. Immo hospes, magis cum periculum facies, magis
nosces meam
Comitatem erga te amantem.

PL. Quid opus nota noscere?

PER. Ut apud te exemplum experiundi habeas, ne petas
foris.

Nam qui ipse haud amavit, ægre amantis ingenium inspicit.
Et ego amoris aliquantulum habeo humorisque meo etiam in
corpore.

Neque dum exarui ex amore, rebusque voluptariis :
Vel cavillator facetus, vel conviva commodus
Item ero : neque ego oblocutor sum alteri in convivio.
Incommoditate abstinere me apud convivas commode

Com-

A part i'th' conversation, and be silent,
While that another's speaking.—I have neither
Pthyfic, nor asthma; nor am I a sniveller.
In fine — I'm right Ephesian born and bred,
Not an Apulian, or an Umbrian.

PA. A smart old fellow this! — If that he has
The qualities he mentions, he was bred
Most plainly in the nursery of Venus.

PE. I'll give you proofs, sirs, of my breeding, more
Than I will vaunt — At table I ne'er talk
Of politics, or prate o'th' legislature; —
Nor do I ever in convivial hours
Once cast a lewd glance at another's mistress: * —
Neither through wine from me doth ever rise
Dissention: — If that any be a brawler,
I go me home, and parley for that time
Between us is disjointed. Nay, perhaps
The ladies too may like my company.

PL.

* This turn is given as more decent than the original.

Commemini, & meæ orationis justam partem persequi:
Et meam partem itidem tacere, cum aliena oratio est.
Minime sputator, screator sum, itidem minime mucidus.
Post Ephesi sum natus, non in Apulis, non sum in Umbria.

PA. O lepidum senicem! si, quas memorat, virtutes
habet,

Atque equidem plane eductum in nutritu Veneris!

PER. Plus dabo, quam prædicabo, ex me venustatis tibi.
Neque ego ad mensam publicas res clamo, neque leges
crepo:

Neque ego unquam alienum scortum subigito in convivio.
Neque per vinum unquam ex me oritur dissidium in convivio.
Si quis ibi odiosus est, abeo domum, sermonem segrego.
Venerem, amorem, amœnitatemque accubans exerceo.

PL.

PL. Sir, your whole manners are completely polish'd :
Shew me but three men like you, and I'll forfeit
Whatever sum you'll wager.

PA. 'O my troth
You shall not find another of his age
'That's more agreeable in all things, or
More th'roughly to his friend a friend.

PE. I'll make you
Confess, I in my manners yet am young,
I'll shew myself in all things so beneficent.
Need you an advocate t'enforce your suit,
Surly, and hot with anger ?—I am he.
Need you a mild and gentle ?—You shall say
I'm gentler than the sea, when calm and hush'd,
And softer than the zephyr's balmy breeze.
Nay, you shall find me a most boon companion,
Or (if you will) a first-rate parasite,*
Or best of caterers.—Then, as for dancing,
No finical slim fop can equal me.

PA.

* i. e. Joker.

PL. Tui quidem edepol omnes mores ad venustatem
valent.

Cedo treis mihi homines aurichalco contra cum istis moribus.

PA. At quidem illuc ætatis qui sit, non invenies alterum
Lepidiorem ad omnes res, nec qui amicus amico sit magis.

PER. Tute me ut fateare, faciam esse adolescentem
moribus.

Ita apud omnes comparebo tibi res benefactis frequens.

Opusne erit tibi advocato tristi, iracundo ? ecce me.

Opusne leni ? leniorem dices, quam mutum est mare :

Liquidiusculusque ero quam ventus est Favonius.

Vel hilarissimum convivam hinc indidem expromam tibi.

Vel primarium parasitum, atque obsonatorem optimum :

Tum ad saltandum, non cinædus malacus æque est atque
ego.

PA.

PA. (*To PL.*) Of all these excellent accomplishments
Which would you chuse, fir, if you had the option?

PL. I would at least, my poor thanks could be equal
To his deserts and yours, since both of you,
I now experience, have concerning me
So much sollicitude.—But, fir, it grieves me,
Th' expence I put you to. (*To PER.*)

PER. You are a fool——
Expence forsooth!—'tis true, upon an enemy,
Or a bad wife, whatever you lay out,
That is expence indeed!—but on a friend,
Or a good guest, all you expend is gain.
Bless'd be the gods, that courtesey I have,
With hospitality to treat a stranger.
Eat, drink, and use your pleasure with me; load
Yourself with merriment: my house is free,
I free, and I would have you use me freely:
I from my fortune might have ta'en a wife
Of the best family, and well-portion'd too:
But thank you—I'd not let into my house
A brawling, barking, curst she-cur. —————

PA. Quid ad illas artes optassis, si optio eveniat tibi?

PL. Hujus pro meritis ut referri pariter possit gratia,
Tibique, quibus nunc me esse experior summæ sollicitudini.
At tibi tanto sumptui esse mihi molestum est.

For, through the gods kind favour I may say it,

PER. Morus es.

Nam in mala uxore atque inimico si quid sumas, summus est:

In bono hospite atque amico quæstus, quod sumitur:

Deum virtute, ut transeuntem hospitio accipiam, est apud
me comitas.

Es, bibe, animo obsequere mecum, atque onera te hilari-
tudine:

Liberæ sunt ædis, liber sum autem ego, me uti volo libere.

Nam mihi deum virtute dicam, propter divitias meas

Licuit uxorem dotatam genere summo ducere.

Sed nolo mihi oblatratricem in ædis intromittere.

Vol. I.

N n

* * * There

* * * There follow some very humorous descriptions of wives in general, which are not inapplicable to the modern modes, and which possibly may appear in a future publication of your miscellany. I wish and hope, that very free criticisms on the undertaking may be communicated to your publisher; as I shall improve by them either way, whether they respect the translation or the original.

The TWO BUTTERFLIES.

A FABLE. By a LADY.

ONCE on a summer's golden day,
 When SOL diffus'd his genial ray,
 And nature offer'd at his shrine
 Her incense to the pow'r benign,
 A Butterfly, the vainest thing
 That ever rose upon the wing,
 Whose colours sham'd the peacock's dye,
 Rich as the rainbow in the sky,
 Ranging the garden's flow'ry pride,
 Perch'd on a gawdy sun-flow'r's side.
 A Butterfly of meaner race,
 By chance possessed the neighb'ring place.
 Her wings of common russet brown,
 A Butterfly of no renown.
 The BEAUTY's bosom swell'd with pride;
 Her glowing plumage stretching wide,
 She gave her head a toss or two,
 As BELLES are sometimes apt to do,
 And thus with insolence bespake
 The creature of a meaner make.

Hence

Hence dowdy, paltry thing, away,
 You give my wings no room to play ;
 Must such as thou pretend to be
 Fit company for flies like ME,
 A Butterfly of QUALITY ?
 Be gone, mean wretch, go flutter hence,
 Your visits are impertinence.

}

When strait to check her haughty pride,
 The humbler insect thus reply'd,

“ Yes — *You* are handsome, I am plain,
 Yet why so insolent and vain ?
 Whilst thro' the garden and the grove
 I unmolested gaily rove,
 Your beauty may be *your* undoing,
 Charms have been known to hasten ruin,
 Let not misguided affectation
 Despise a homely poor relation ;
 To PHOEBUS you your beauty owe,
 He might have made me beauteous too.
 But plain and homely I'm content,
 — May never you your charms lament.

The BELLE, who, from her earliest youth,
 Had never heard one word of truth,
 But compliments of love and duty,
 The flattering homage to her beauty,
 Picqued to the soul, with female pride,
 Swell'd first, and flounc'd, and then reply'd,

What, shall such wretched, vulgar *Creeters*,
 Of filthy, horrid, clumsy features,
 Mechanic things, whom no one knows,
 Presume to reason and suppose ?
 Darest thou pretend to preach to ME ?
 — PHOEBUS I care not for, nor Thee.

Then clapp'd her wings, and fled away,
 To plan new conquests for the day.
 While PHOEBUS all enrag'd to see
 A creature of such vanity,
 Her pride to humble and chastise,
 Directs a virtuoso's eyes
 To where the giddy glittering thing
 Was floating careless on the wing.
 Ne'er had he seen a finer fly,
 Her plumage of so rich a dye !
 The very insect which he sought ;
 — He saw, admir'd, persu'd, and caught.
 What mercy then could beauty win !
 Impal'd upon a murd'rous pin,
 She utter'd in a dying groan,
 This sad, too late, repentant moan.

Why did I treat, too idly vain,
 Yon honest fly with such disdain ?
 Her words, alas ! are all too true,
 And beauty I have cause to rue.
 But for these fatal spots of mine,
 Curse on the colours how they shine !
 I had not pin'd, unhappy fly,
 To fate a Virtuoso's eye.
 With her how gladly would I change,
 That still the garden I might range ;
 But Oh ! that happy pow'r's deny'd,
 Just is my fate — she said, and dy'd,
 In the last struggling gasp of breath,
 Accusing beauty of her death,
 Whilst safe in her obscure degree,
 Unsought, unheeded, gay and free,
 The other pass'd her easy days,
 Provok'd no envy, if no praise.

Ye butterflies of human kind,
 For you the moral is design'd.

Beauty's

Beauty's enchanting when allied
With modesty instead of pride,
While the coquettish flaunting fair
Oft finds her beauty but a snare.

Written on the Fifth of November.

EACH single man's internal frame,
Which claims such admiration,
Appears to differ but in name,
From a well-order'd nation.

His head you'll call the king in course ;
His shoulders are both houses ;
His arms the military force ;
His legs the vulgar chouses ;

The learned we may call his heart ;
His guts the corporations ;
And thus we've each material part,
That forms the plan of nations.

Whoe'er would such a state destroy,
With snickersnee uncivil ;
Whoe'er with poison would annoy,
(That nectar of the devil)

Whoe'er would strike a secret flame,
From scandal tinder-boxes,
To blow up any man's good name ;
I call them all GUY FAUXES.

X. Y.

To

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES's MAGAZINE.

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. HOR.

S I R,

I Have often read satires, that have appeared to me to be panegyrics; and I have been frequently concerned to see vindications publish'd, that have left my mind in doubt, when I have read them, whether I was to consider what was before me, as intended to clear or asperse the person to be defended. But nothing has puzzled me more than the conduct I have generally observed in those, who would shew their regard to a particular great man, whom they admire, by fixing up his head or portrait before their door, or sticking it up in different parts of their houses. The vileness of the daub, the place allotted to it, and the company it is associated with, make the intention of the proprietor so equivocal, that it is very hard to determine, whether he means to compliment, or insult, the great personage, in his profession.

When I see before the door of an alehouse, a Harp-Alley daub of the king and queen (which might pass as well for the Little Carpenter and his Indian Squaw, if GEORGE and CHARLOTTE were not subscribed) I am forced to enquire whether the landlord is a loyal subject to the king, or a NEWCASTLE man, before I can determine what is to be understood by the sign. And I could never settle to this day, whether the man in *Butcher-Row*, or the tooth-drawer in *Blood-bowl-Alley* (who, in the year forty-five, put up a sign, that might as well pass for the Saracen's-head, or the Red-Lyon at *Brentford*, as the half length of the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, if it had not been for the D. C.) really were well-wishers to his royal highness, or not.

I was

I was ever disgusted at the thoughts of blowing my nose in his MAJESTY's face upon my handkerchief; and it lately went much against me to see a waiter throw two shillings worth of hot rum and brandy-punch over his SOVEREIGN at the bottom of the bowl. But I can scarce reflect, without the utmost confusion, that the QUEEN lay prostrate under me, for a whole night, at the bottom of a piece of *Chelfeatchina* in my bed-chamber, which I broke in the morning, as soon as I discovered the indignity.

I could not help laughing, when, in one of my midnight rambles, I saw the twelve JUDGES among a parcel of thieves, chairmen, watchmen, and market-people, at the night-cellar near *Temple-bar*. The wise and learned gravity of these great lawyers, compared with the stupid drunken figures out of the frames, afforded me much entertainment. I was also much diverted at seeing the ARCH-BISHOP's picture in Mrs. PHILLIPS's shop in *Half-moon-street*; and, upon asking this useful old matron, why the ARCH-BISHOP was so great a favourite of her's? "He alway was, says she, for I ever thought him a *good man*." But I cannot understand what business the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER has among the fish-women at *Billingsgate*, or my LORD of CHESTER in so many apartments of the *Jews*. Should my LORD CHANCELLOR be seen in *Kitty Fisher's* bed-chamber? or the DUKE of YORK at *Haddock's Bagnio*? And what has LORD LITTLETON to do at the *Goat Alehouse* in *Cuckold's Point*? or the EARL of HARDWICK at the *three Blue Balls* in *St. Giles*?

I am never surprised to see his MAJESTY's picture at the house of an *Antigallican*, or my LORD BUTE's at the *Hand in Hand* Fire-office, or the *Union* Coffe-house, any more than I am to see mr. GARRICK's at the *Shakespeare*, or at the *Society of Arts*, &c. But what must I suppose, when I see the DUKE OF NEW-CASTLE,

CASTLE, among a parcel of old-cast off cloaths in *Monmouth-street*, that never were worth a farthing in their best days? Would any person think of looking for mr. FOX among the brokers at *Jonathan's*? Or expect to see CHARLES TOWNSHEND at the Windmill near *Hanover-square*, or at the Weather-cock in *Turn-Style*? SIR *John Philips* is naturally to be found at the Royal-Oak, or at *pro bono publico*, ASHLEY's; but don't it seem exceedingly out of character, for a king to be seen among drunken prisoners in a spunging-house? I am sorry to say, I have seen his present MAJESTY, in most of the jails within the bills of mortality: and I am confident the QUEEN would not be pleased, if she knew, in how many bad houses, in the neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, our most gracious SOVEREIGN is to be seen every night, by the meanest of his subjects. I have been mortified with the sight of LADY NORTH-UMBERLAND, in a wash-house, and the princess AMELIA in a gin-shop.

People have another way of puzzling me, besides the place in which they fix their picture or print; and that is, by the company they often pitch upon for their favourite. When I see the picture of his present MAJESTY, with an ALFRED or EDWARD the THIRD its companion, I understand what is intended; but I am at a loss, when I see the king of PRUSSIA, the marquis of GRANBY, and lord GEORGE SACKVILLE, at the sign of the *Gun*. Nothing was clearer to me, than my friend's intention, who placed PITT between sir WILLIAM WYNDHAM and PULTENEY; but I was forced to ask an explanation, when I saw WALPOLE, PELHAM and NEWCASTLE, as he called them, together on the opposite side of the room. A child would think of running to a *grocer's*, or a *chandler's* shop, for a sight of the present lord MAYOR; but nobody would look for him in mr. BEARDMORE's study, between DEMOSTHENES and TULLY. These

two great orators might receive honour from being grouped with a MANSFIELD or a PITT, but they would not, if they were alive, be able to hold a conversation with an *Alderman* of *London*, as they have no word, in either of their languages, for *sugar-canes*, *melasses*, and *rum-puncheons*.

I am, Sir,

Your's &c.

WM. IRONSIDE.

The R E V E N G E.

CRIES CHLOE, when I prest a kiss
(A bliss which gods might seek)
Well—if you must then—here—on this,
And turn'd her lovely cheek.

When VENUS thus to CUPID said,
(For both the nymph beheld)
Shall lips which I for kissing made,
From kissing be with-held !

This boon when next the youth shall seek,
Mark what attends this slip !
A blush shall overspread her cheek,
A pimple swell her lip.

The FAIR CALEDONIAN.

A S O N G.

HOW sweet are her looks, and how blooming her
face,
Caledonia's cold clime ne'er produc'd such a grace !
O ! cease your rash taunts, and forbear to upbraid
The clime, from whence issu'd so lovely a maid.

'Tho' barren thy soil, and inclement thy air
By nature ; tho' nurs'd with a step-mother's care ;
'Tho' Boreas insults thee, ne'er ceasing to blow ;
'Tho' eternally crown'd thy bleak Alps are with snow ;

Tell Zephir, repos'd in his jessamine bower,
His wings never fann'd so delightful a flower ;
Tell the south her broad sun, tho' for ever he shine,
Ne'er brought to perfection such rich fruit as thine.

Methinks the best produce the best climate yields,
When rival'd with thine, are the thrash of the fields :
O ! I'd give 'em up all, were I blest with the power,
To taste this rich fruit, and inbosom this flower.

Z.

LETTER from a young STUDENT to two LADIES
who liv'd opposite.

I Fear it has not 'scap'd discerning,
I am not half the man of learning,
Myself I lately boasted ;
Not that to books I'm less attach'd,
Or that my wit is over-match'd,
'Or folly over-roasted

On

On planets now I cease to pore,
Philosophy has charms no more,
Fie upon yonder meadow ;
I mind not Jove's nor Venus' stations,
Struck with more beauteous constellations
Of DELIA and LUCINDA.

I know not as the globes I roll,
The southern from the northern pole,
What course each Bear is urging ;
And in the zodiac's circling line
Remember not a single sign,
Except the TWINS and VIRGIN.

Hang up philosophy, I say,
With Romeo in the lover's play,
(Th' expression hits my fancy)
Unless philosophy can make
(Gainst which I set my all at stake)
A BETSEY or a NANCY.

VERSES upon Dr. BENTLEY's new Edition of his Sermons against Atheism, preached at Mr. BOYLE's Lectures, published at the Time the Dr. likewise was correcting MANILIUS's Astronomical Poems for the Press.

WHEN Israel's leader to the promis'd land,
Reveal'd God's will, and open'd his command ;
The Hebrew race the sacred rule obey'd,
To God alone they sacrific'd and pray'd ;

But, when the law no longer was retain'd,
 And but one copy to twelve tribes remain'd,
 Vice rear'd her head, idolatry return'd,
 And incense to a thousand dæmons burn'd ;
 Till good JOSIAH, from the temple drew
 The scarce record, and publish'd it anew.
 By that, th' ungrateful Jews again were taught,
 Who their forefathers out of bondage brought,
 And who their many glorious battles fought.

At the recital smit, the nation mourn'd
 Its daring guilt, and zeal rekindled, burn'd ;
 That sacred warmth urg'd their just rage to fall
 On the carv'd idols, and the priests of Baal.
 The curs'd seducers at their shrines expire,
 The victims they, and their own gods the fire.

When BENTLEY thus, explain'd the world's design,
 And forming nature prov'd a hand DIVINE ;
 As final causes the great agent shew'd
 A virtuous life from the disclosure flow'd.
 God's being in his attributes survey'd,
 His power was dreaded, and his will obey'd.
 But as these oracles (deserving well
 Of stone a table, and a pen of steel)
 On paper's filmy sheets recorded lay,
 A thousand accidents, with wanton play,
 Like tempests, puff'd the scatter'd leaves away.
 Or poring youths wore out the letter'd stamps,
 Blurr'd with their ink, and sooted with their lamps ;
 Or nice librarians shew'd the volumes high,
 And private value robb'd the public eye :
 Thus Conqu'rors arms, return'd in triumph home,
 Far above reach, rust in the vaulted dome.

This weight remov'd, no longer crush'd and bent,
 Elastic error reach'd its old extent.

New

New heads from vice, that wounded Hydra, sprung,
 And silenc'd heresy resum'd a tongue.
 Atheists to form their rallied troops began,
 BLUNTS in the rear, and TOLANDS in the van.
 Some banners worlds by atoms fram'd display,
 Bent in their fall by nothing in their way.
 Some infants springing, to mankind's disgrace,
 From vegetable wombs, a mushroom race.
 Gross matter makes itself, and then the whole,
 But soar'd to thought, and boulted into soul.

But, whilst the factious chiefs, with warm debate,
 All beauteous order wrangle to translate,
 From Providence to chance, or rigid fate,
 The jarring noise, born by the wings of fame,
 Spread to the peaceful banks of silver CAM.
 There BENTLEY sat within his trophy's shade,
 With spoils of deists and free-thinkers made,
 Guarding his learned charge, and pleas'd to view
 Aspiring youths his glorious tract pursue;
 To see new BARROWS, and young NEWTONS rise,
 Fathom th' abyss, and pierce the boundless skies.
 Icarian flight! yet safe whilst they obey——
 For BENTLEY wax'd their wings, and mark'd their way.

But, by loud clamours rous'd, to arms he starts,
 And leaves th'unfinish'd plans of future arts.
 Heaven is assail'd, to urge th' assailants fate,
 The birth of unknown sciences must wait.
 Ye stars, says he, and thou MANILIUS' sun,
 Stand still and view God's enemies undone,
 Whilst I compleat the conquests I begun.
 Then, from his stores, the danger to suppress,
 He draws try'd weapons, wonted to success,
 Their splendor with new furbishing repairs,
 And gives a keener edge with second cares.

Thus.

Thus twice ALCIDES' arms were brought to Troy,
First to subdue, and after to destroy.

Fortune and luck, two sister-nothings, made,
By fancy, deities of play and trade,
His nervous reasons dissipate to shade :
Prove chance deriv'd from an unheeded cause,
And winning hits produc'd by motion's laws.
How new resistance, and a vary'd blow,
Change the die's spotted face, and shift the throw.
Then he rich nature's volume open lays,
And God in ev'ry shining leaf displays.
He stoops and makes the earth its master own ;
He soars, and draws confessions from the sun.
By him light atoms' verging dance destroy'd ;
'They fall, without cohesion, through the void.
The atheists systems to a chaos hurl'd,
Heav'n they disown, and he dissolves their world.
'TOLAND, aghast, at the vast ruin quakes,
TINDAL looks pale, and harden'd COLLINS shakes.

Thus when, inflam'd with wine, the lawless guests
Disturb'd, with arms, Pirithous' nuptial feasts,
No soft persuasions could their heats assuage,
Nor a light missive war correct their rage,
Till Danae's son, on the tumultuous field,
Unbar'd the ghastly horror of his shield ;
Strait, with the numbing view, the Hero froze
The impious host, and petrify'd his foes.

E. VERNON, jun. A. B.

TRIN. COL. CANTAB. ALUMN.

MASON'S ELEGIES.

DODSLEY. Price 1s.

THE critics have been very laborious in settling the boundaries of pastoral writing ; and in the delicacy of their judgment, have struck many compositions both of THEOCRITUS and VIRGIL out of the list, of which it may be said, as POPE *handsomely* says of his own, if they are not pastorals, they are something better. It were to be wished that they had used also the same judicial severity, in ascertaining the nature of Elegy ; though by that means, many a *putter* together of long and short verse in Latin, and many an alternate rhymist in English, had been at a loss to know what species of poetry he writ in. The poems of TYRTÆUS are, it is true, *called* Elegies, but with much the same propriety, as if we were to call the piscatory eclogues of SANNAZARIUS, Pastorals ; they walk, indeed, in the measure of elegy, but breathe all the spirit of the ode.

The elegiac muse seems to be the natural companion of distress, and the immediate feelings of the heart, the object of all her expression. Hence she is generally called in to the assistance of despairing lovers, who, having received their death's wound from their mistress's eyes, breathe out their amorous ditties, and, like the dying swan, expire in harmony. What the elegies of CALLIMACHUS were, the learned can only conjecture ; but they must have been better than those of his professed imitator PROPERTIUS, or antiquity had never been so lavish in their commendation. In PROPERTIUS, we see the versifying scholar, who perhaps never loved any woman at all : In OVID, the poet, and the man of gallantry, who would in-
trigue

trigue with every woman he met; while the elegant TIBULLUS, one of love's devoted slaves, as he always speaks from his own heart, makes a forcible impression upon ours.

The hopes, fears, and anxieties, with all the tumults of passion which distract the lover's breast, will not give him time to think of the mode of expression, or to fetch his allusions from books; Nature is contented to deliver herself with perspicuity, and where the sentiment is natural, the phrase cannot be too simple. Upon no subject whatever have so many prettinesses and absurd conceits been invented as Love; yet, surely where the head has been so painfully laborious, we may safely pronounce the heart to have been perfectly at ease. Love is not ingenious; though the affected Italians, and ridiculous French poets of the last century, not to mention our own COWLEY, have brought their judgment in question, by an exuberant display of false wit. The plaintive muse is generally represented to us, as

“ Passis Elegeia capillis,”

“ as one that discards all shew, and appears in dishevell'd
“ locks”; but the politer moderns are for putting her hair
into papers; and whether the complaint turns upon the
death of a friend, or the loss of a mistress, the passion
must stand still, till the expression is got ready to intro-
duce it. When we are truly affected, we have no
leisure to think of art: “ * Simplex & ingenua est
“ æroris vox; flebilis, intermissa, fracta, concisa oratio.”
Then our language is unadorned, and unembarrassed
with epithets, and perhaps, in that book, in which
there

* Lowth. Prælect.

there are more instances of true and sublime simplicity, than all the ancients together, there are less epithets to be met with than in any authors whatever : And I cannot help thinking the ill success many poets have met with in paraphrasing those divine writers, has been principally owing to their weakning the sublimity of the poetry, by idle description, and clogging up the simplicity of the sentiment, with the affected frippery of epithetical ornament.

Elegy, it must be confessed, has often extended her province, and the moral contemplations of the poet have sometimes worn her melancholy garb. As in the celebrated poem of Mr. GRAY, written in a church-yard. For though she is generally the selfish mourner of domestic distress, whether it be upon the loss of a friend, or disappointments in love ; she sometimes enlarges her reflections upon universal calamities, and with a becoming dignity, as in the inspired writers, pathetically weeps over the fall of nations. The most complete specimen of the elegy, which the heathen writers have left us, is to be found in EURIPIDES, and the classical reader will not be displeased with the extract. He will here perceive a simplicity of sentiment and expression, rarely to be met with among the moderns.

Πῶς αἰτεῖνα Πάρις ὃ γάμον, ἄλλα τιν αἶταν
 Ἠγάγετ' εὐναιᾶν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν,
 Ἀς ἐνέκ, ὦ Τροίᾳ, δῆρι καὶ πυρὶ δηλωτὸν
 Εἶλε σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὤκους Ἀχῆς.
 Καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μέλας ποσὶν Ἐκτορά' τὸν περὶ τείχη
 Εἰλκυσε διφρεῶν παῖς ἀλίας Θέτιδος,
 Αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγομὰν ἐπὶ θύνα θαλάσσης
 Δελοσύναν συγχεῖν ἀμφόβαλστα καρα,
 Πολλὰ δὲ δακρυὰ μοι κατέβη χρόνος, ἀνὴρ ἐλείπον
 Ἄστυ τέ, καὶ θαλάμους, καὶ ποσὶν ἐν κοίταις,
 Ωἶμοι ἐγὼ μέλας. τί μ' ἐχέην ἐπὶ φεγγὸς ὁρασθαι
 Ἑρμιόνας δέλαν ; ἅς ὑπὸ τείρομενα,

Προς τοδ αγαλμα θεας ικετις περι χειρε βαλυσσα
 Ταχομαι ως πετρινα παιδαγοεσσα λιβας.

EURIP. ANDROM.

In short, whatever the subject is, the language of this species of poetry should be simple and unaffected, the thoughts natural and pathetic, and the numbers flowing and harmonious. The reader that shall examine the elegies of Mr. MASON, in expectation of meeting these requisites, will be disappointed; he will be sometimes pleased indeed; but seldom satisfied. For, in these moral essays, or epistles, or any thing but elegies, the sentiments, which are but thinly scatter'd, though they glitter with the glare of expression, and *Amble Along by the Artful Aid of Alliteration*:

“ Play round the head, but come not near the heart.”

Yet, even though we can see the labour the poet has been at, in culling his words, and pairing his epithet with his substantive, his success has not been always equal to his labours. There is, indeed, too apparently in these poems, the *curiositas verborum*; but not always the *curiosa felicitas*.

In the first elegy, which is written to a young nobleman, our poet enveighs against Mr. DRYDEN, for prostituting his pen to the inglorious purposes of interest.

If POPE through friendship fail'd, indignant view,
 Yet pity DRYDEN; hark, whene'er he sings
 How adulation drops her courtly dew
 On titled rhymers and inglorious kings;
 See from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
 His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws
 Where fear or interest bids, behold they shine;
 Now grace a CROMWELL's, now a CHARLES'
 brows.

Mr.

Mr. DRYDEN was a scholar of TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, where, as it generally fares with poetical merit in that unkind soil, he was admired and neglected. But perhaps it will appear, that he was not either of

“ too generous, or too mean a heart,”

when we consider, that the universities, which are ever grateful, and who pay their compliments to their protectors, whether CHARLES's or CROMWELL's, might have imposed that as an exercise for his genius, which might be entirely foreign from his heart. Certainly the prostitution of panegyric cannot be imputed to Mr. DRYDEN alone. SPRAT and WALLER both wrote poems on the death of the PROTECTOR, as COLLEGE exercises; and it is to be feared, the university of GOTTINGEN, which complimented the DUKE DE RICHELIEU when he over-ran HANOVER, is not without a precedent for her temporizing.

'Tis not the design of this work to swell the account with large extracts, the reader therefore will be contented with the following, from the second elegy, where, speaking of the place where he first contracted his friendship, the poet proceeds thus,

'Twas there we met; the Muses hail'd the hour;
The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
Inspir'd us both; we own'd and blest the power
That join'd at once our studies, and our hearts.
O since those days, when science spread the feast,
When emulative youth its relish lent,
Say, has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast?
Enough, if joy was his, be mine content.
To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore;
He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the muse, but quiet more,
And, tho' he might command, he slighted fame.

Hither, in manhood's prime, he wisely fled
 From all that folly, all that pride approves ;
 To this soft scene a tender partner led ;
 This laurel shade was witness to their loves.
 " Begone," he cry'd, " Ambition's air-drawn plan ;
 " Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth :
 " Let me not seem, but be the happy man,
 " Possess of love, of competence, and health."
 Smiling he spake, nor did the fates withstand ;
 In rural arts the peaceful moments flew :
 Say, lovely Lawn ! that felt his forming hand,
 How soon thy surface shone with verdure new,
 How soon obedient FLORA brought her store,
 And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung :
 VERTUMNUS came ; his earliest blooms he bore,
 And thy rich sides with waving purple hung :
 Then to the sight, he call'd yon stately spire,
 He pierc'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade ;
 Bad yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,
 Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.
 Hail, sylvan wonders, hail ; and hail the hand,
 Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
 And taught one little acre to command
 Each envied happiness of scene, and shade.

I cannot take leave of this subject, without indulging myself in one remark, which may perhaps be of use to those poets who have never read, and are determined to write. The elegy, ever since Mr. GRAY's excellent one on the church-yard, has been in alternate rhyme, which is by many ridiculously imagin'd to be a new measure adapted to plaintive subjects, introduced by that ingenious author, whereas it is heroic verse, and to be met with in DRYDEN's *Annus Mirabilis* ; and all through the long and tedious poem of DAVENANT's *Gondibert*. The couplet is equally proper for this kind of poetry, as the alternate rhyme ;
and

and tho' GRAY and HAMMOND have excelled in the last, POPE's elegy on the death of an unfortunate young lady, will prove those numbers equally expressive and harmonious ; nor should I doubt to place our English ballad, such as have been written by ROWE, GAY, and the natural, easy SHENSTONE, in the rank of elegy ; as they partake more of the simple pathetic, and display the real feelings of the heart, with less parade, than those affected compositions of classical labour.

The reader has seen above an original elegy, from one of the antients, which we shall be glad if any of our correspondents will put into English ; and we will, in the mean time, present him with one truly modern, which the learned are very welcome to turn into Greek.

An ELEGY on a TALLOW CANDLE

PENsive I lay, e'en from the dead of night,
 Until the sun his daily course began,
 Reflecting on the candle's wasting light,
 And moraliz'd the fate of mortal man.

White and unsully'd was that cotton wick,
 When from the chandler first to me it came ;
 Behold how black ! the greasy drops how thick !
 Such colour takes it from imparted flame.

Such is the youth, of manners strict and pure,
 Till led by vice he quits his reason's guide ;
 By flatt'ry drawn, he stoops to vice's lure,
 And from the paths of reason wanders wide.

His

His passions melt, his manly vigour faints,
Nor mourns he ought his former vigour gone,
For foul society his former morals taints,
And mother *Douglas* marks him for her own.

The fool who sells his freedom for a smile,
Or for a ribband barter peace of mind,
Like wasting wicks just glimmers for a while,
Then dies in smoke, and leaves a stink behind.

The many perils that ambition wait,
When soaring high, we still the lower fall,
Are but the SNUFFERS of expiring light,
And death's the grand EXTINGUISHER of all.

The H I P.

HORACE, Epist. viii. Book i.

GO muse, salute my friend with health and joy;
And, if he ask how I my hours employ;
Tell him I talk at large: sometimes I say,
Stalking in buskin'd pride, I'll write a play:
A play! that's common; nay, I'll higher fly;
Homer wrote Epic strains, and why not I?
Strait shifts the wind; some most unlucky blast
Chills my poetic vein; away I cast
The papers; all my huge designs are done,
Ending in nothing, where they were begun.
Hence with these books! they're pedantry and pain;
Their wit is nauseous, and their learning vain.
Even life itself's insipid, like a feast
Of homely cheer to some new-pamper'd guest.

At

At once I'm sick ; I'm well ; I'm this, I'm that ;
I'm mad ; I'm cross ; I am I know not what.
I rave at fortune ; call her false, unkind ;
And vow 'tis just that poets paint her blind.
Not that my vineyards or my orchards fail,
Blown down by winds, or batter'd by the hail.
Not that my herds by plague or murrain die ;
These cares belong to wealthier friends than I.
Nor that my riches or my stores decrease ;
Nor yet my strength :—my mind is my disease.
Would any comfort me ? I hate their love.
Would any give advice ? I ne'er approve.
Friends are officious : doctors are the devil ;
For their own int'rest *physically* civil.
With open eyes I run to meet a foe,
And swear it is my stars will have it so.
In town I cry, Oh ! when shall I get down
To country ease ? In country, when to town ?
Wrapt up in indolence, 'tis just the same ;
Or blust'ring in the busy world of fame.
This to my friend :—He'll say 'tis spleen, that's all :
Bid him beware ; 'tis epidemical :
But, if he's rude, and tells me I'm an ass ;
The HIP, dear sir, is many a good man's case.

T. B.

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[Price Half a Guinea.]

P O E M S.

B Y

ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.

delere licebit

Quod non edideris, nescit vox missa reverti. HOR.

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